

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 447.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

PRICE 1¹/_d.

THE ROMANCE OF ARITHMETIC.

SURELY figures owe us whatever little of romance is to be got out of them. Have they not been associated from our earliest childhood with the taste of tears and slate-pencil? Have they not been the invariable cause of one's income being insufficient to meet one's expenditure? Have they not tyrannised over our tastes and enjoyments? And has not the sole reason of that gap which, at every year's end, prevents some of us, in spite of the most laudable intentions, from making both ends meet, been the obstinate persistence of two and two in their sullen refusal to make any more than four? I am rejoiced to learn that Pythagoras, who said something civil about all the other numbers, had a very poor opinion of figure two. I am delighted to know that he regarded this disreputable figure as the symbol of disorder, of division, of confusion, and inequality; as a hopelessly depraved number of evil augury, as an exceeding bad principle—nay, as the very Old Bad Principle himself. I've no patience with figure two, nor with the way in which it gets held up to public esteem in connection with what is supposed to be the very satisfactory proposition that two and two make four. I cannot regard it in that light. Whatever is good for anything ought to improve and increase; and if this boasted pair of twos had any genuine enterprise at all about them they would have made at least six by this time—in which case I might without difficulty have learned what a balance meant in my banker's book. As it is, they have not merely wasted their opportunities, but done me a personal injury. Besides, it is my opinion that three and one make four in a manner quite as successful, and very much less obtrusive.

The most romantic of all numbers is figure nine, because it can't be multiplied away or got rid of anyhow. Whatever you do, it is as sure to turn up again as was the body of Eugene Aram's victim. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been first discovered by W. Green, who died in 1794) is, that all through the multiplication

table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times nine are 27; and 2 and 7 make 9. So it goes on, up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on to any extent, it is impossible to get rid of figure 9. Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3051; add up the figures and they give 9. Five thousand and seventy-one times nine are 45639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 are 9.

M. de Maivan found out another queer thing about this number—namely, that if you take any row of figures, and reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of it, the total is sure to be 9. For example:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Take 5071} \\ \text{Reverse the figures 1705} \\ \hline 3366 = 18, \text{ and } 1 + 8 = 9. \end{array}$$

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Starting with 62, begin the sum over again. By reversing the digits we get 26, which, subtracted from 62, leaves 36, or $3 + 6 = 9$. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3844. Subtract one from the other and you get $3168 = 18$, and $1 + 8 = 9$. So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17576 and 238328. Subtracted, they leave $220752 = 18$, and $1 + 8 = 9$.

The powerfully be-nine influence of this figure is exemplified in another way. Write down any number, as, for example, 7549132, subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the product will always come to 9.

$$7549132 = \text{sum of digits } 31.$$

31

$$7549101 = \text{sum of digits } 27, \text{ and } 2 + 7 = 9.$$

A very good puzzle has been based on this principle, as follows: Get another person to write down

a horizontal row of figures, as many as he likes, without letting you see what he is about from beginning to end of the whole performance. He is then to reckon up the sum of the digits, and subtract that from his row of figures. When he has done this, bid him cross out any figure he pleases from the product, and tell you how much the figures add up, without the crossed-out figure. From the numbers so given you will be able to tell what figure he has crossed out, by only bearing in mind the fact learned above—namely, that if no figure at all had been crossed out, the result would necessarily be 9 or a multiple of 9. Hence you will see that the crossed-out figure must needs be the one required to bring the sum given to the next multiple of 9. Supposing, for instance, he gives his result at 37, you may be sure that he has robbed the product of 8, that being the figure needed to restore the total to the next multiple of 9—namely, 45. His sum would stand as under :

$$405678237 = \text{sum of digits } 42.$$

42

$$405678195 = 37.$$

There is only one case in which you can be at fault, and that is in the event of a multiple of 9 being returned to you as a product. Of course, then, you will know that either a 9 or a 0 must have been struck out. Had the 9 been struck out in the above instance, the result would have been 36; had it been the 0, the product would have been 45. Both being multiples of 9, it would be impossible to tell with certainty whether the missing figure were 9 or 0; but a good guess may generally be formed, because, if the figures appear suspiciously low in proportion to the time taken to tot up the sum, you may speculate that your product has most likely sustained the loss of the highest number.

That is a clever Persian story about Mohammed Ali and the camels, and though it will be familiar to many of my readers, they will scarcely be sorry to be reminded of it. A Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions: the eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. Of course, camels can't be divided into fractions, so, in despair, the brothers submitted their difficulty to Mohammed Ali. 'Nothing easier!' said the wise Ali: 'I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves.' The consequence was, each brother got from one-eighth to one-half of a camel more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again; the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

Johann August Musæus, one of the most popular German story-writers of the last century, in his story of *Libussa*, makes the Lady of Bohemia put forth the following problem to her three lovers, offering her hand and throne as the prize for a correct solution. 'I have here in my basket,' said the Lady Libussa, 'a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall again have half and one more, and the third shall again have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums are in it!'

The first knight made a random guess at three-score.

'No,' replied the lady. 'But if there were as

many more, half as many more, and a third as many more as there are now in the basket, with five more added to that, the number would by so much exceed threescore as it now falls short of it.'

The second knight, getting awfully bewildered, speculated wildly on forty-five.

'Not so,' said this royal ready reckoner. 'But if there were a third as many more, half as many more, and a sixth as many more as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there now are under that number.'

Prince Wladimir then decided the number of plums to be thirty; and by so doing obtained this invaluable housekeeper for his wife. The Lady Libussa thereupon counted him out fifteen plums and one more, when there remained fourteen. To the second knight, she gave seven and one more, and six remained. To the first knight, she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty. The discarded lovers went off with their heads exceedingly giddy, and their mouths full of plums.

Double Position, or the Rule of False, by which problems of this sort are worked, ought to demolish the commonplace about two wrongs not making a right. Two wrongs do make a right, figure-atively speaking, at all events. Starting with two wilfully false numbers, you work each out to its natural conclusion. Then, taking the sum of your iniquities as compared with the falsehoods with which you started, you have only to multiply them crosswise to get terms which will bring you straight to the truth. To be more precise, after the cross-multiplication, if the errors are alike—that is, both greater or both less than the number you want—take their difference for a divisor, and the difference of their products for a dividend. If unlike, take their sum for a divisor, and the sum of their products for a dividend. The quotient will be the answer. This is good arithmetic, and, for those who can receive it, not bad philosophy. There is an enormous self-righting power about error, and if we could only manage the cross-multiplication properly, we might get some surprising results.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity: multiplied by 3 or any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours; and so on.

I will wind up for the present with a rather barefaced story of how a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| 1/ | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|

'Now,' said she, 'if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom, and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shewn the others to their rooms.'

Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No.

10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: 'I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare, so, if one of you will please step into No. 11, you will find it empty.' Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course, there is a hole in the sauceman somewhere; but I leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to *which*, if any, of the travellers was the 'odd man out.'

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.—ON THE BRIDGE.

'SORROW may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' is a saw of great authority and acceptance, and yet we suspect that human experience, if appealed to generally, would reverse that saying. Surely it is at night, after some sort of meal, or drink, or even a pipe of tobacco, that our spirits fight against despondency, and we make the best of a 'bad job,' or, at all events, look forward to forgetting our troubles in sleep; whereas, on the other hand, when the blank day breaks, the full sense of our calamity is borne in upon us, and, like Miss Bella Wilfer, we wish that we were dead. At all events, on the morrow of his return to his old home, Arthur Tyndall awoke far more dispirited and displeased with himself than he had yet been, and early as it was, arose and dressed himself. For to lie in one's bed in the broad daylight, to think and think of the ruin that we have brought upon ourselves, or on the wrong we have done to others, is of all things the most intolerable.

Within doors, no one was stirring, but without, the ancient gardener was already sweeping one of the gravel-walks, and bade his young master 'good-morning' heartily.

'Foreign parts have not altered your ways of life, I see, Master Arthur,' said he approvingly; 'for you was always an early riser, like your poor father before ye.'

Yes; he had been an early riser, and at Swansdale especially, for a certain reason, which the sight of Old Giles recalled to his mind with a sharp pain. Often and often had he come upon the old man when, with rod and basket, he had gone forth from the Hall at that very hour—not to fish, but to pretend to fish from the river-side path that led to the *Welcome*. It was not unlikely even that Giles knew that he had done so, for, though no one in the village was aware of how far matters once had gone between 'Master Arthur' and 'Jenny,' there was a shrewd suspicion abroad that they were not indifferent to one another. How unchanged seemed every object that met his gaze since those palmy days of adolescence and first love; unsettled and doubtful days, indeed, but days of promise! How gloriously the tall trees sparkled with dew! How freshly rose the incense from the flower-beds! In the winding shrubbery—'wilderness,' it used to be called, but, to his travelled eyes, accustomed to the wild luxuriance of nature, it seemed garden like the rest—how joyously sang the birds! There was the little wicket-gate to which she had once been so rash as to accompany him on his way back, and where they had parted with a whispered farewell: he had leaned upon it, and watched her trip homeward along the dewy fields, and when she turned and

smiled (for he knew that she was smiling, since she had her face towards *him*), he had smiled too and kissed his hand. He leaned upon it now, and gazed upon the vacant fields with an aching heart.

But why had it not ached before, when absent from her? And why had it not yearned, on his return to England, to clasp her in his arms—as it did now? Why had his love smouldered so low that he had thought it cold and burnt out? And now, when it was too late, why, merely at the sight of her, had it flamed up anew, so fiercely that it threatened to consume him? Had he deceived himself, and loving her all along, persuaded himself—being tempted so to do by material advantage—that he no longer loved her? No! If he had come back yesterday, and found her, exactly as he had left her, 'a simple maiden in her flower,' he could have borne to look upon her with remorseful eyes, perhaps, but with steadfast ones. He had made up his mind to do so. He had been bound by no promise to do otherwise; she herself had told him that what had happened was likely to happen; necessity (induced by his own act, but still necessity) had compelled him to the course he had taken. Of course, he had been inconsistent: woman is weak, illogical, and (very) contradictory, but there is no bound to the inconsistency of man. The most faithful forget their allegiance; the bravest become cowards. Picton himself was convicted of participation in an act which men of ordinary courage would die rather than have committed. Arthur, to do him justice, had given Jenny credit for the same readiness to forget and to forgive—to forget *him*, that is, and to forgive *herself*—as he had manifested towards her; or if that should not have been the case—if even she should still entertain some tenderness for him—she was such a very sensible girl (this was how the poor wretch had argued), that so soon as she heard of his engagement to another, she would at once dismiss him from her heart—as a traitor, perhaps; yet if so, so much the better for her. But what if she thought him a traitor, and still had not dismissed him from her heart!

Her air had been grave and cold; she had refused to hear what he had to say for himself: she had treated the idea of their meeting at the old trysting-place—though only to hear his excuses—with indignation and disdain; but he could not forget, how, stung with the studied carelessness of his first salutation: 'Why, Jenny, how you are grown!' she had answered, as it seemed in spite of herself: 'Yes; grown out of all knowledge.' Throughout the rest of their brief interview, she had been cold as snow; but that one sentence of reproach, forced from her, doubtless, by the sense of insult which his words had occasioned, still rang in his ears. And how beautiful, and like a gentlewoman, she had grown, and how, in comparison with her, had all other gentlewomen, such as his aunt, or Blanche (he would not even to himself say or 'Helen'), dwindled into insignificance. She had been always far cleverer than himself, he knew; but what a divine wisdom seemed now to dwell in those glorious eyes, yet not unmingled with pity either, when she denied his prayer—such pity as the angel might have felt whose duty it had been to expel our first parents from the Gates of Paradise! And yet she was a woman too, for had she not trembled and changed colour when he had denounced her refusal to let him write to her as

having been the cause of their estrangement, and did not those signs betoken that she still loved him! He did not so much *still* love her (though all the old passion was revived within him), as love her *anew*, more fondly, more fiercely, than he had ever loved before; and in a few weeks he was pledged to wed, not her, but another!

The river-side path, that led to the lock as well as to the inn, lay before him, and he regarded it with wistful eyes. Should he take that, or the upper one, which led to the village churchyard, wherein stood his father's tomb, to visit which had been the object he had proposed to himself in going forth that morning? Something within him seemed to whisper that at whichever decision he should arrive it would be final. As he hesitated, there fell on his ear a splash of a pole in the water, and there glided by up-stream a punt, with a fisherman in it, bound, doubtless, for the osier-nets that hung in the back-water behind the lock. This trifling circumstance decided him. If he *was* to meet Jenny, it was certainly advisable that there should be no possible witness to their interview; and he struck at once into the path that conducted to the church. It was the nearest way to the village, likewise, for all the water-side parishioners, running straight up through the meadows, and dipping midway into a hazel copse, in which was a rustic bridge that spanned a little tributary of the river, but little frequented save on Sundays. The last time he had trodden it, it had been by his father's side to church, on the eve of his own departure for abroad. They had not been so cordial as father and son should be; there were faults on both sides; but now that the old man was beyond the reach of all amends, they seemed to have been on Arthur's only. And yet a few minutes ago he had been debating in his mind as to whether this little pilgrimage of piety should not be postponed, for—well, for what? For a mad attempt to throw himself in the way of temptation; for an appeal to Jenny's feelings, that would be worse than hopeless, since, even if it should have succeeded, nothing could have come of it but shame and ruin. He could not shut her from his thoughts on the way, or even when upon the hill-top he stood beside his father's grave. Why had the old man been so stern, that confidence had never existed between them? How far nearer would he have now seemed to him had he been encouraged to disclose the secret wish of his young heart, even had it been denied him; but now death had divided them indeed. If Jack had died, and been laid here, who had been privy to that early hope, and to almost every thought and action of his life, how differently he would have felt; a portion of his very self would then seem to be lying yonder, whereas, though this was his own flesh and blood, and the author of his being, it did not seem so. Suppose his father had given him permission to marry Jenny, and instead of becoming an exile from home and country, he had done so, and, filled with love and gratitude, had been his son indeed, with little children to climb the old man's knee, and—since a lonesome life is hurtful to health as well as heart—to win him, perhaps, from the very grave itself. This thought of what might have been was too much to bear, and he turned away almost abruptly from the graveyard, and began to retrace his steps. Quick motion suited with his mood, and the way being down hill, he advanced very rapidly, with eyes fixed on

the ground; so rapidly, that, half-way through the copse, he came upon the narrow wooden bridge, and had his foot upon it before he perceived that it was already occupied by some one coming from the river-side. He looked up hastily, and lo, it was Jenny Renn!

She stood for an instant in the middle of the bridge, undecided whether to retreat or advance, and with her hand upon the side-rail—a picture and a poem in one—then came on slowly towards him.

'Jenny, Jenny!' cried Arthur eagerly, holding out both his hands.

'My name is Alice Renn, Mr Tyndall,' was her cold reply.

'I thought that, seeing me from the river, you might have come to meet me,' said he imploringly.

'No. I was going to the church to practise on the organ, for I am the organist now.'

The organist! Then he would hear her on Sunday, and every Sunday, from his pew, where he would be sitting with Helen. He would know she was behind the little curtain, looking down between its folds upon himself with scorn, upon his bride with pity.

'I have behaved very, very ill to you, Jenny'—he began.

She stopped him with a quiet motion of her hand. 'I do not say so, Mr Tyndall; but if it is so, let me tell you this, that you behave worse in speaking of it.' She was very pale, but her voice was firm and resolute. As she stood erect upon the bridge, from which he had withdrawn, to let her pass, she was taller than he; and he felt she was his superior every way.

'I will not confess my baseness, since you forbid me to do so, Jenny,' said he dejectedly; 'but do not suppose that I am not punished for it. If you knew all, even though you could not love me any longer, you must needs pity me.'

'If any misfortune has befallen you, I am indeed sorry,' returned she—'very sorry.'

'No misfortune, for I have brought it all upon myself—no misfortune, since, compared with that of which I may not speak, all ills that may happen to me are of small amount; but, for one thing, I am a ruined man.'

'I thought so!' gasped the girl; not, however, like one who hears the worst. There was a certain tone of relief, nay, almost of exultation, in her ejaculation. 'I thought so!' It seemed to say: 'I thought that nothing but dire necessity could have compelled him to such conduct.'—'Ruined, Mr Tyndall!' she continued; 'that is bad news indeed. A few weeks, however, as I understand, will retrieve your fallen fortunes.' Her woman's heart could not refrain from giving him that stab; then perceiving she had wounded him to the quick, it melted within her. 'Forgive me, sir; I did not mean to pain you; far from it. Heaven knows I wish nought but good to you—to you and yours. But no more meetings such as this, I pray you.' Here she sobbed most pitifully; and he sprang forward, as he would have done five years ago, to comfort her.

She thrust him from her with some force, and pointed towards the Hall. 'Leave me, sir. As you are a gentleman, I entreat you to leave me.'

He obeyed her, but unwillingly; slowly, lingeringly, he went on his way, with many a look

behind. She stood where she was, leaning against the bridge-rail, and never turned her face towards him. Then presently, when she had recovered a little, she began to climb the hill, like one who carries on his shoulder a burden as great as he can bear. He felt that he must never speak to Jenny again in *that way*—in the way he had attempted to speak to her—unless he could shew a better right to do so; unless—well, unless, for one thing, three thousand pounds that he owed to Mr Paul Jones should fall from the clouds. That Jenny loved him as dearly as ever, he had now no doubt; her very dread of 'such meetings as that' was a proof of it; and this conviction, though he knew it was basely selfish to do so, he welcomed in his secret heart. It was sweet to think that, for his sake, she had kept herself heart-whole through all those weary years, though, doubtless, she might have wedded a better man—Mr Glyddon, for instance. Arthur had not forgotten the expression of the rector's countenance when he first met him on the lock-bridge. 'Was it all really over?'—that old tenderness he used to have for Jenny—it had seemed to ask, and 'was her heart free to receive a new tenant?'

Perhaps this was but a morbid fancy; but it was contrary to his experience that his ritualistic friend should go a-fishing, and, in accordance with it, that he might be pretending to fish. Even if it was so, 'would it not be well for Jenny?' was an idea that did not occur to him. She seemed to be too good for anybody, even for himself; but if she were his own, he would at least appreciate her as no other man could do. Cruelly, faithlessly as he had behaved to her, he would make amends for all, if once she were his. He was giving himself up to that intoxicating thought—as to those dreams of banquets when starving on the barren sea—when suddenly the breakfast gong sounded from the Hall, and through the trees he saw his Helen waiting, eager-eyed, to greet him on the lawn.

CHAPTER XIV.—A CONSIDERATE CHALLENGE.

For the next few days, Helen could no more complain of her lover being preoccupied and *distrait*: he was feverishly gay. Since thought oppressed him, he put it from him altogether—that is, in company, and when it was possible to do so. He talked small-talk to Mrs Somers; discussed old times with Blanche and her mother; rattled on with Helen, though avoiding the tender subject to which she would have led him; rallied Allardyce on his cynicism, and joined in 'making hay' of Paul Jones, and all the time was scarcely aware of what he was saying, or of what was said to him in return. To Adair and Uncle Magus he spoke but little; the former knew too well what he was thinking about—what he was trying not to think about—and there was always a chance of his recurring to that painful topic. The latter required to be listened to, and Arthur could not listen—could scarce endure a pause. Thus it happened, though playing well his part of host—except that he somewhat over-acted it—he was, in reality, in ignorance of what was going on under his own roof. He did not know—perhaps, so far as he himself was concerned, he would not much have cared—that Allardyce's manner towards Helen had become earnest at all times, and sympathetically confidential when opportunity served,

so much so that even charitable Mrs Tyndall had pronounced it to be 'objectionable,' and simple Mrs Somers 'too marked.' He did not observe that, for some reason or other, Mr Paul Jones was exquisitely uncomfortable, that Uncle Magus was stiffer in his manner than usual, and that Jack Adair was unusually grave and silent. He took no interest in anything about him, with one exception. He hailed the coming of night, because it brought with it the excitement of the gaming-table; the chances it did not bring, for there never came one turn of luck in his favour.

Night after night, up in the smoking-room, the cards were brought out, and three men sat down to play, and one looked on, and puffed at his huge meerschaum pipe, as though keeping it alight was the whole object he had upon his mind. There was nothing new in the result of this amusement, but the stakes were higher, and the 'I O U's, with Arthur Tyndall's autograph attached to them, more numerous and for heavier figures than they had ever been. Irritated by ill fortune, urged by the desire to retrieve it, and thirsting more than usual for excitement, Arthur had once proposed to play in the daytime, but to this the others would not accede. 'What would the ladies say' [who had no idea that they played at all, or if they did, supposed it to be a quiet rubber of whist], 'if they should desert their company for cards?'

The Hon. Wynn Allardyce was quite shocked at the idea of such a solecism in good manners. Of course, if the ladies had not been in the house, he would have been charmed to play. All hours and days were alike to him; in daylight, one's head was clearer and better for that which he frankly owned was the great business and pleasure of his life; but as to behaving rudely towards the fair sex, he was quite incapable of it. Without Allardyce, loo was impossible, so nothing more was said about it; and Arthur was compelled to wait for 'his revenge' till evening, when he lost a thousand pounds before midnight.

'That will do, gentlemen,' said he with a bitter laugh; 'I am obliged to you;' and rising from the table, he wrote a memorandum of the amount, which Mr Paul Jones added to the collection in his pocket-book.

When a man has lost heavily, it is not wise to trouble him with questions, or else more than one of his hearers would have liked to ask him why he was 'obliged' to these fortunate antagonists of his for easing him of another thousand pounds.

'I don't like Tyndall's form,' observed Allardyce to Jones as they parted soon afterwards at the door of the former's chamber. 'I'd sooner he was restive, and even downright savage with us, than that he should take this grimly humorous turn.'

'I don't think we shall get much more out of that quarter, myself,' assented Jones.

'Here, just step in a minute,' said the other; then when the room door was shut, 'there is not much more to get, Paul. My fear is that we may never realise those little securities, of which we are already possessed.'

'They are as good as gold, my good sir,' returned Mr Paul Jones confidently. 'That girl of his will do anything for him, and she will have thirty "thou" in ready money.'

'But suppose he doesn't marry the girl?'

'Not marry her? Oh, but he must. It would be deuced dishonourable—I mean to us—if he

didn't. Besides, she is so spoony on him, that she would never let him off, even if he wished it. Why do you look like that? You don't mean to say, Lardy, that you are so infernally selfish as to be up to any tricks in that quarter? Upon my soul, if I thought you were capable of such folly, I'd—

'Don't threaten, Paul,' returned the other coolly; 'it's a part you are not fitted to play, at least with me. I can easily believe, however, that it would make you very angry if I carried off this Helen from her Menelaus.'

'You may, for all I care—when he has married her,' replied Jones brutally.

'Exactly so; when he has married and settled—his debts. But suppose, instead of marrying the girl, he were to blow his brains out?'

'Don't talk of such things,' remonstrated the other with a shiver; 'I hate them. What do you mean, Lardy?'

'I mean,' said Allardyce gravely, 'that in my opinion it is even betting that Tyndall puts himself out of the way to-night. You heard what he said: "That will do, gentlemen; I am obliged to you." Why should he be obliged to us for winning more than ever of him? It may be only a coincidence, but those were the very words that Charles Sloper used at the hazard-table at Newmarket, before he made his hole in the water. What he meant was, that he was thankful to have his mind made up for him at last by losing more money than it was possible for him to pay. Those bitter jests are a bad sign in a fellow like Tyndall, and I tell you I don't like his form.'

'I wish we were well out of this house,' observed Mr Paul Jones hoarsely, and turning very pale.

'With all our assets realised? So do I, begad! How much have you in all?'

'I have four thousand eight hundred pounds in "I O U's." If we get cash for them, we shall have cleared nearly four thousand pounds each out of this little speculation.'

'And we *shall* clear it, never fear, Paul,' said Allardyce confidently, 'if only Tyndall lives. Don't fear, man; how white you look! You were out of sorts at dinner to-day, I noticed, and didn't take your wine. You took enough of it yesterday, however, to last for twice.'

'Yes, I took too much. When a fellow has taken too much, he ain't answerable for his actions, is he?'

'I should be sorry to say that, Paul; a good many fellows who have paid us money might have got off on that plea.'

'Well, not for his words, at all events?'

'What the devil are you driving at?' exclaimed Allardyce savagely. 'You have not been telling things in your cups, have you? If you have said one word to my discredit, drunk or sober; if you have dared to peach on me in any maudlin fit, I'll—' He had him by the cravat by this time, and his hold was tightening in it.

'Be quiet, Lardy. I've never said a word about you,' gasped the other; 'I'd not be such a fool.'

'Gad, you're right there, sir. You'd be a fool indeed to try to drag Wynn Allardyce down with you, because you felt yourself falling. I'd make short work with you, if nothing else was left me to do.'

'I didn't say you wouldn't,' said Jones sulkily;

'but I do say it's cursed ungrateful of you to talk so. Don't I take all the risk? Wasn't the order to Darwin written by me; and isn't it I who have the odium of winning all this money, which is afterwards to be divided between us? Why, if there was a row here to-morrow, what with your ignorance of this, and your never dreaming of that, and your being own brother to a viscount—you'd prove yourself as immaculate as the driven snow.'

'If I didn't, it would be your fault, Paul; and thence, believe me, your misfortune.'

'That's right; threaten again. That's the way to make friends.'

'It's the way to *keep* friends with some people, Paul. It is often wondered at why we go through the world like Damon and Pythias. "How can you put up with that low fellow, Paul Jones?" says one. I only laugh and shrug my shoulders; but I could tell them the reason if I chose. "There is the bond between us of a common interest." Another says: "How can you trust that slippery beggar the Pirate?" My answer would do you good to hear it: "I have the most perfect confidence in Paul." There is no occasion to add this reason, which I may state, however, in confidence, to yourself: "I trust him because he has a knowledge of my own character, and very well understands that if he deceived me—or betrayed me, which is the same thing—I'd have his heart's blood." You are a very clever fellow, Paul; but you lack what our friend Tyndall and his dear friend, Adair, and any number of dull-witted fellows I could name to you, possess in plenty: you've got no pluck—at least when you're sober, for, I am bound to say, you are impudent enough when the wine is in you: the manner in which you went in at old Magus yesterday, for example, beat cock-fighting at Dudley Woodside. Well, that puts you at a disadvantage. You can't act independently; you are obliged to employ a bully.'

'That's you,' growled Mr Jones.

'I know it, my dear Paul. If a man were to say: "Your friend Jones cheats at cards," I'd have him out at twelve paces.'

'Pooh, pooh! nobody fights duels nowadays.'

'Don't be so sure of that, Paul. At all events, I'm ready to do so, and men know it. Now, I suppose you'd rather lose a thousand pounds than face a pistol. I'd give half the money down to see you at it: "Are you ready, Mr Jones?"—"No, I'm not ready—far from it." Lor, what fun! And yet it would be the very best thing in the world for your reputation; and it would make a gentleman and a man of honour of you for life.'

'I'd rather be as I am,' said Mr Paul Jones naively. 'If you've quite done threatening and boasting, I'll go to bed.'

'Boasting; nay, there was no need to boast of what I would do in case you played me false, for you must have known it in your poor little timorous heart, years and years ago. The very idea of your doing so made me wild, that's all. Forgive me, Paul, and good-night. If you hear a shot before morning, lie still and keep your head under the clothes. It won't be robbers; and yet it will mean to you and me that we have lost two thousand four hundred pounds apiece.'

This thought was not an agreeable one to go to bed upon, but it was not the most disturbing reflection that agitated Mr Jones' breast that night. No sooner had he reached his own room, and locked

the door, than an expression of hopeless agony took the place of that of discomfort and uneasiness which had characterised his physiognomy throughout the day, and he sank down in a chair like some malefactor, who, from weakness or terror, is 'accommodated with a seat' upon the scaffold.

'What a hardhearted, ungrateful, selfish villain he is!' groaned Mr Paul Jones. 'If ever there was an opportunity for a man to prove himself a friend—that is,' added he hastily, "'a friend" in a good sense, not an abettor of a murder—there was one offered to Allardyce to-night; but he is a mere heartless, merciless cynic. Instead of doing his best to get me out of the scrape, he'd foment the quarrel; if I intrusted him with an apology, he'd make it an insult—a second insult. O dear me! To whom am I to turn for help against this Fire-eater, this Blood-sucker, this Vampire in human form!'

Mr Paul Jones wrung his hands—a very mournful peal—and then took from his pocket such a letter as you seldom see in these degenerate days. It had no envelope, but was formed of an immense sheet of paper, folded squarely, and fastened by a seal of gigantic proportions, bearing the impression of a coat of arms. If the Queen in council had decided upon making Mr Paul Jones Lord Chief-justice of the Queen's Bench, or Speaker of the House of Commons, it is probable she would have addressed to him some such document, and sealed it with some such seal. The communication, however, came from Uncle Magnus, and had been delivered by that gentleman's own hands, that very morning, in the Box Tree Walk, in stately silence, but with every formality that the occasion demanded; and thus ran its contents, or thus they walked rather, in punctilious and high-flown style, as though each word was dancing a minuet:

THE COTTAGE, SWANSDALE.

SIR—I am quite aware of the impropriety of addressing you personally, upon the subject hereafter to be mentioned, but unhappily I have no choice. It is even possible that the affair in question may have to be brought to a conclusion altogether without the intervention of a third person. Such a case, however, it may be some satisfaction to you to learn, is not wholly without precedent. In 1613 A.D. the Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville fought with short swords at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, without seconds, though it is true each had his surgeon, who might be considered as such. The affair was exceptional in many respects, such as their fighting ankle-deep in water in their shirts, and with the mutual understanding that one at least should leave his life upon the field; but from the rank and honour of the combatants, this encounter has been always placed among just and legitimate duellous. It is impossible, sir, as you will easily perceive, for one situated as I am to secure the services of a friend in this delicate matter: I have (alas) no friends, save one—my nephew; himself too nearly connected with the subject of our quarrel to be applied to under any circumstances; and though I have no manner of objection to your coming to the Releager [or place of meeting] attended by a friend, it will probably be more consonant with your feelings to waive that advantage, and go through with the affair, like your antagonist, alone. Moreover, this course recommends itself, upon the ground that a little secret of this sort is only too apt to leak out, which in these days often results in disappointment to both

parties, and the adjournment of the meeting sine die, if not to its being put a stop to altogether. In our case, indeed, this last mishap is rendered impossible; for, as I have already had the honour to tell you, nothing but your blood can wipe out the insult that has been put upon my house by you, nor shall any length of time, or distance of place, prevent my procuring satisfaction for it. Should a man refuse me what is my due under such circumstances, I would pistol him, wherever I met him, and should make it my business to meet him at an early opportunity. I am well convinced, however, that such a menace is out of place in your case, who, I doubt not—notwithstanding your conduct when overtaken with wine—are a gentleman of the nicest honour. At the same time, I do not conceal from myself that your age—for, compared with myself, you are still young—and the mode of life in which you have been brought up, may have rendered you ignorant—not, indeed, of the demands of honour, which are common, I hope, to all ages and all times, but of those details of conduct which were once familiar to every gentleman in connection with the duello, and (what is of even more consequence) of those precautions which it is well to take before proceeding to the Releager. Fortunately, however, I have made the subject my study, and beg, sir, to forward you certain memoranda—the results of a long experience—which may be of use to you, and tend to place us on a more equal footing. I take it for granted that the pistol is your weapon—though any other ['The umbrella,' was the brilliant thought that flashed upon Mr Jones' mind upon the first reading of this epistle, but the context robbed him of that consolatory idea]—though any other among the recognised arms of the duello is equally familiar to me. Accordingly, I beg to inclose certain extracts from my manuscript notes having relation to that arm, together with some hints of a general nature, and beg to subscribe myself, yours obediently and to command,

DANVERS TYRONE MAGUS.

P.S.—I have only to add, that though any hour or place is the same to me, I would venture to suggest to you, as a stranger, that at early morning there is seldom any one stirring in the neighbourhood of Swansdale Churchyard, and that the small common to which it is contiguous has always struck me as being peculiarly well adapted for such a meeting as we have in view.

'What a cold-blooded, calculating, murderous old devil it is!' ejaculated Mr Paul Jones; 'and how he sets all law and morality at defiance! He'll "make it his business," he says—and, I don't doubt, his pleasure too—if I don't consent to meet him, to pistol me at the earliest opportunity. Why, that's downright murder; and yet the worst of it is, nobody, except myself, would believe him capable of it. I'd swear the peace against him; but what's the good of binding a man over not to shoot you for six months who is resolutely determined to do it on the seventh! What have I done?' cried Mr Jones, looking pitifully about him, and appealing, in default of an audience of his fellow-creatures, to various articles of bedroom furniture.—'What have I done, to make me the subject of this old ruffian's vengeance? Nothing, absolutely nothing, beyond mentioning within his hearing, after dinner yesterday, the indisputable fact, that Tyndall was going to marry for money.

"Did I understand you to state, sir, that my

nephew Arthur was about to contract matrimony from mercenary motives?" was what the old beggar said: whereupon, little knowing what he was driving at, and indeed not thinking of anything very much beside how good the claret had been, I replied: "Most certainly, old gentleman, your nephew, Arthur, put himself up to auction in the matrimonial mart, and has fetched a most uncommonly good price. And quite right too," I added hastily, for I never saw an old gent look more vicious; but that didn't smooth his fur down, not a bit, but seemed rather to rub it the wrong way.

"You shall repent this, as sure as you're a living man," cried he, and he looked like a turkey-cock. And then he comes to me this morning while I was smoking my cigar, in peace and innocence, and puts this cartel (as he calls it) into my hand—I'd ten times sooner it had been a writ—and then retires in silence and complete armour (as it seemed) like the ghost in *Hamlet*. As for his giving me hints on the etiquette of the duello, and suggesting precautions against his own murderous designs, that seems to me the worst of it all, because it shews his implacability of purpose. He's mad, of course—a criminal lunatic broken out of a medieval asylum, but that makes him all the more dangerous. If he was a sensible man, I'd give him a thousand pounds, and square it that way; but no reasonable being could ever write such stuff as this:

'It is advisable that, on the night before a gentleman has an affair of honour on hand, he should carefully avoid drinking to excess, or taking any food that tends to create bile, and especially to keep his mind from dwelling upon the coming encounter.—Was ever any suggestion so preposterous?' commented Mr Paul Jones. 'For who could avoid drinking to excess with such a horrid morning's work before him, or, if he did, how could he possibly fix his mind upon anything else? As to taking any food to create bile, I'm sure I've felt all to-day as though it would have choked me to swallow so much as a slice of bread-and-butter. To read this fellow, one would think that the fact of a duel on hand whetted the appetite like a bloater.'

'To eat a hearty breakfast, is wrong, says he. I am not one of those who subscribe to the opinion that it is as well for a man to fill his stomach on such occasions. Let him drink a cup of coffee and take a biscuit with it directly he rises; then, in washing his face, attend to bathing his eyes well with cold water. If in the habit of wearing flannel next his skin' [Mr Jones mechanically thrust a finger in the interstices of his shirt-front, and turned paler even than before], *'he should omit putting it on. Wounds comparatively trifling [What a demon! what a murderous, mocking, remorseless fiend! muttered the commentator] 'have often become dangerous from pieces of flannel being carried into them; but in other matters let him make no change in his usual habits. If he smokes, let him take a cigar, and, if a married man, avoid disturbing his wife and children. About six in the morning is the best time for meeting in the summer.—And the immediate vicinity of a churchyard the most convenient spot!'* groaned Mr Jones: 'this is horror upon horror indeed!—He should himself observe that the pistol-case is furnished with every necessary, instances having occurred more than once of the pistols being left behind in the confusion of starting, subjecting the parties of course to much inconvenience and ridicule.—I don't see the

inconvenience, and I could survive the ridicule,' muttered Mr Jones. 'But there would be no hope of that sort; this old devil will doubtless have a whole armoury of pistols.—*The period most trying to a duellist is doubtless from the time the word "ready" is given until the handkerchief drops.—I won't read any more,*' cried Mr Jones, passing his handkerchief over his forehead, which was in a state of profuse perspiration. 'I feel ready to "drop" myself. If Allardyce were worth a pinch of salt—— But ah! I have it!' A gleam of hope stole over his pallid face: he unlocked and softly opened his door, then retraced his way stealthily along the passage towards the smoking-room. 'If he is not there,' he muttered, 'I will go to his bedroom. It's a matter of life and death.'

CURIOUS CURATIVES.

ETHER man is an obtusely perverse creature, or the inventors of heal-alls a set of very impudent impostors; else doctors would long since have found their vocation gone. Panacea after panacea has been propounded for the benefit of a world in which, as Mr Disraeli puts it, health would seem to be a state of unnatural existence; each new nostrum enjoying a brief term of popular favour, and then passing quickly out of memory. Anodyne necklaces, hot-air baths, brandy and salt, galvanic rings, are a few among many universal remedies that have at one time or another been the rage. Thanks to a bishop's enthusiasm, it became as common to call for a glass of tar-water at a coffee-house, as to ask for a dish of tea or coffee, although profane sceptics sneered at the specific and its advocates, and a dubious kind of friend wrote:

Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
The church shall rise and vindicate her son;
She tells us, all her bishops shepherds are,
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.

In our own days, cold water, innocent of tar, has been extolled far and wide as the one thing needful to wash disease away—a doctrine, Burke, for one, would have scouted, for he held that hot water was the finest stimulant, and the most powerful restorative at man's command. Whenever he felt himself unwell, on went his kettle, and he thought nothing of drinking four or five quarts of boiling or nearly boiling water in a morning; pouring a pint or so into a basin, and taking it like soup, with a spoon. Indeed, the great Irishman put such strong trust in his simple panacea, that he would have had no hesitation in taking it, as a certain quack said his peculiar nostrum ought to be taken, externally, internally, and eternally. Suvaroff swore hunger was the best cure for all diseases, and warned doctors from his camp, for if hunger failed to work a cure, were there not herbs, roots, and pismires to be got? The fierce Russian's prescription would have been endorsed by Rulhy, the Quaker physician, who records in his diary: '1755, 3d month, 29th day—A blessed repast of bread and water, a sovereign cure for indigestion, and no danger of a debauch.'

James I. wise as he esteemed himself, believed in the power of a certain elixir to render him ailment-proof. A Duke of Burgundy was fool enough to pay ten thousand florins for the recipe of a balsam warranted to make his memory transcendently good. Albertus of Saxony was not so

easily gulled. A learned Jew tried hard to persuade him that wounds might be readily cured by means of pieces of parchment inscribed with Hebrew words and letters, selected from the Psalms. As he was arguing the matter one day, the duke suddenly drew his sword, wounded the unlucky cure-monger in several parts of his body, and then coolly told him to try conclusions upon himself. Of course Albertus was never more troubled that way. The Saxon duke certainly would never have wasted a penny upon the magical powder advertised in the *Kingdom's Intelligence*, in January 1661, in the following terms: Sir Kenelm Digby's Sympathetical Powder, prepared by Promethean fire, curing all green wounds that come within the compass of a remedy, as also the toothache infallibly, is to be had at Mr Samuel Speed's, at the Printing Press, in St Paul's Churchyard. Sir Kenelm was as proud of his sympathetical powder as he was of his beautiful wife, and had, or professed to have, as much faith in it. According to his own account, he once took a bandage that had been worn by a gentleman who received a wound in the hand, while parting a couple of friends intent upon settling a dispute with their swords, and put it into a solution of the powder, whereupon all pain departed from the injured member. A few hours afterwards, Sir Kenelm took the bandage out of its bath, and placed it before the fire, causing the patient's servant to run in, exclaiming that his master's hand felt as hot as if it were between two fiery coals. The garter was replaced in the liquid, and left so for five or six days, by which time the wound had thoroughly healed. The formula for the preparation of this wonderful powder runs thus: Take Roman vitriol six ounces, beat it very small in a mortar, sift it through a fine sieve when the sun enters Leo, keep it in the heat of the sun by day, and in a dry place by night. Digby said he was indebted to a Carmelite friar for the secret, picked up by the friar when travelling in Persia or Armenia.

The weapon-salve made by Paracelsus for the Emperor Maximilian was compounded of human fat and blood, mummy, oil of roses, oil of linseed, and moss from the skull of a healthy man who had come to a violent end. This delectable stuff had only to be applied to the weapon with which a wound was inflicted, and a cure was sure to follow: though how, when the wound was given by an enemy, the sufferer was to get hold of the weapon, we are not told. The hero of an old comedy, finding his weapon-salve fail him in his need, attributes the failure to some defect in his blood, not to any want of virtue in the ointment, having been assured by the apothecary that thirty men blown up by a gunpowder explosion had been saved from death by merely dressing the smoke of the powder with the miraculous unguent! Honest John Hales, seeking to account for the cures placed to the credit of the salve, says shrewdly: 'A man is wounded; the weapon taken, and a wound-working salve applied to it; in the meanwhile the wounded man is commanded to use abstinence as much as may be, and to keep the wound clean. Whilst he doth this, the wound heals, and the weapon-salve bears away the bell!' On a similar principle, Morley, a once noted quack, used to cure scrofulous folks by hanging round the patient's neck a yard of white satin, with a vervain root at the end of it—taking care to supplement the action

of the charm with mercury, antimony, ointments, cataplasms, plasters, poultices, and lotions. A doctor of our acquaintance took the trouble to analyse a popular patent remedy for rheumatism, and found the lotion to be salt and water; and yet it undoubtedly afforded great relief in some cases, because it was necessary to mix it with boiling water, into which flannels were then dipped, and bound round the affected parts. The hot flannels eased the pain, and the lotion got the reputation of it. The weapon-salve does not stand alone as a proxy cure. Ruptured children used to be passed through a young wych-elm, split for the purpose, and afterwards bound up; the cure depending upon the tree growing together again. Scarlet-fever was served with notice to quit by cutting a lock of hair from the sufferer's head, and forcing a donkey to swallow it; and in Greenland, children were sometimes buried alive as an infallible method of ridding their parents of any troublesome complaint.

Mrs Delany, a lady who sweetened her blood by taking a modicum of chalk in everything she drank, had a fondness for amateur doctoring, and was not very nice in prescribing for her friends. In one of her letters, she writes: 'Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water, or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her; taken in time, they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it. They give no manner of taste. I should imagine six or eight boiled in a quart of water, and strained off and put into a bottle, would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick.' Mrs Carter entreated a friend not to neglect taking millepedes, as it was an excellent medicine that might be of use to her eyes. Powdered wood-lice were taken in wine by asthmatical folks; but a believer in the remedy advocates the safer and surer plan of making pills of the vermin and swallowing them alive, 'which is very easily and conveniently done, for they naturally roll themselves up upon being touched, and slip down the throat without any taste.' Pliny, by the way, recommends wood-lice and green lizards boiled down together as a remedy for paralysis. Spiders' webs were long ago prescribed for ague; sometimes the spiders themselves were administered in treacle, or put into a goose-quill, and securely sealed, when the quill was hung so as to rest upon the pit of the stomach. Somebody asks: 'Die of the jaundice, yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice, begot of your own dust and the heat of the brick-kiln?' Walton thought so highly of this specific, that he declared Heaven itself must have revealed it to the Jews! Bugs were once considered invaluable in cases of hysteria and quartan fever. Hudibras was almost taken off his legs with 'purging, comfits, and ants' eggs, although common ants distilled in spirits of wine were reputed to be of great avail in stirring up a man's courage and magnanimity.

Nastier remedies yet have been prescribed and swallowed. Powdered human heart was a blessing to the fever-stricken. Sir Henry Hallford saw a prescription, dug out of the ruins of a house in Duke Street, Westminster, once the residence of Oliver Cromwell's apothecary, in which a portion of the human skull, powdered, was ordered for Sir

Nicholas Throckmorton. Not long ago, a girl died of hydrophobia at Bradwell, Bucks. At the inquest, it came out, that after the dog that had done the mischief had been killed and buried, the girl's father obtained its liver, a neighbour grilled it before the fire until it was dried up, and then the horrid morsel was given to the child with some bread, to help it down. This was done in the belief that the bite of the dog would thereby be rendered harmless, as a relative who had met with a similar misadventure had already proved to his own satisfaction; and in his case the dead dog had lain in a ditch for nine days before his liver was taken from him! Even if a dead dog's liver possessed the virtue attributed to it, it would be nothing like so valuable as a living fox's tongue, at least not Inverness-way. The *Inverness Advertiser*, chronicling the capture of seven foxes by the gamekeeper of Mr Bankes, says: 'A distant neighbour, hearing that Stewart was in possession of living foxes, sent to him to have one of their tongues taken out alive. Being in possession of the tongue of a fox extracted in such a manner, is supposed by the common people to be all-powerful in curing all manner of disease. One of the foxes was shot, and before it was quite dead, the tongue was taken out, and sent to this credulous neighbour.' We think both the credulous neighbour and the man who satisfied his silly fancy might have been profitably prosecuted by the nearest magistrate.

'Three nails,' says Lupton, 'made on the vigil of St John, called Midsummer Eve, and driven in so deep that they cannot be seen, in the place where the party doth fall that hath the falling-sickness, and naming the said party's name while it is doing, doth drive away the disease quite.' Equally efficacious in epileptic cases is the wearing of a ring made of a sacramental shilling, one out of the alms collected at the holy communion. Toothache may be cured by digging up a plant of groundsel with a tool having no iron in it; touching the tooth four times with the groundsel, taking care to spit thrice after each touch, and then replacing the plant. Plague and poison may be defied for twenty-four hours by a light refection consisting of two figs, two walnuts, and twenty rue leaves beaten together. Warts are easily got rid of by rubbing the ill-conditioned things with a piece of bacon, provided the bacon be stolen. If honestly come by, there is no such virtue in it. Theft would seem to impart a like curative power to vegetables, since a Lewes labourer, charged with helping himself to a farmer's turnips, excused the misappropriation by declaring he only stole them because he had been told he might make his crippled boy perfect-limbed by rubbing his neck with five stolen turnips and throwing them away, without saying anything to anybody about the matter. Not such an impudent defence as that of the fellow who decamped with one hundred pounds' worth of cotton because he wanted a little cotton for a cold in his ear!

There are such things as pleasant remedies. Cherries, grapes, lemons, cucumbers, have been vaunted as certain cures, if taken in sufficient quantity, for that English scourge, consumption; a malady for which Aaron Hill prescribed the daily imbibing of a quart of coffee made with milk. Mr Henry Phillips found a not very nauseous remedy for sea-sickness in brandied tea, a remedy respect-

ing which he tells the following story of how things are managed on board American temperance-ships. 'It was of rare occurrence for me to feel sea-sick, but on this occasion I did; and in a state of misery known only to those who are so situated, I asked the nearest nigger to give me some brandy. He grinned and said: "You get no brandy here, massa; him's a temperum's ship."—"The deuce it is," said I. "What am I to do?"—"Stop a bit," said he; "I'll get something for you." He immediately returned with a soda-water bottle full of a dark-looking liquor, which he poured into my half-cup of tea, saying: "Dere, massa, sarsaparilla—berry good ting for sea-sickness." I tasted, and found it was excellent brandy. I gave him half a dollar, and requested a little more sarsaparilla, which he again poured into my cup, while he held his side with laughter, and grinned like a hyena. I found, in after-travelling, whenever I had the ill-fortune to get on board a temperance-ship, that the niggers were always supplied with sarsaparilla and similar pleasant medicines.'

The English singer's remedy would have been a boon to the Japanese ambassadors who visited Europe in 1862, for they suffered terribly on the voyage; even the chief envoy could make no head against the infliction, despite his courageous attempt to keep the foe off, by partaking freely of a soup of rice and horse-radish, seasoned with sardines and red herrings, and washed down with champagne! The Marquis of Anglesey, when Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was a martyr to tic-douloureux, and the only man who could do him any good was Brophy, the Castle dentist. He did not, as one would guess, attack the viceroy's teeth; his method of treatment was more original, and vastly more agreeable to the patient than any that could have been devised by the College of Physicians. Brophy was gifted with marvellous comic powers, and before he got through *The Blind Beggar of Carlisle Bridge*, or one of his many other convivialities, the marquis found himself free from pain and ready for his dinner. We hardly know whether we may reckon marriage among pleasant remedies; it depends, we suppose, upon the form in which it is administered. Dr Cabarrus, a Parisian physician, being called in by a pretty actress, felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and so on, and then gravely pronounced marriage to be the only thing he could prescribe. 'You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?' inquired his dangerously fair patient. But the doctor was not to be trapped. Taking up his hat, he replied: 'Yes, mademoiselle; but doctors only prescribe remedies, they do not take them!'

Bulstrode Whitelock, when a young man, sprained his leg, and the best doctors of the day failed in their efforts to remove the consequent lameness. As a last resource, a German, one Dr Mathias, was sent for. He made a brick red hot, slaked it with a liquor made from muscadine, or marrow and herbs, wrapped it in a napkin, and applied it where the pain was most acute, every morning and night for ten successive days. Whitelock says the brick first soaked up the liquor formed in the hollow of the bone; then, by fumigation, and infusing the liquor into the lame part, the pain was much lessened, and his strength increased, so that he was able to go about upon crutches, in a short time afterwards to exchange them for a staff, which in a little while longer was cast aside, and he

found himself cured. Lameness of a certain kind may often be cured by fright. Hone relates how an old gentleman, hobbling along as well as gouty feet would allow him, suddenly became aware that a bull was making a rapid advance on his rear, and forgetting his gout, and dropping his stick, by a dashing bit of steeple-chasing, in a very few moments put himself on the safe side of a gate, and left his gout behind him. We knew a man cured of rheumatism quite as quickly. He had kept his room for six weeks, when somebody advised him to try the effects of a cayenne lotion. A jugful was made, and the very first night of using it, he awoke, feeling very dry-throated. He always kept a jug of water at his bedside; so, stretching out his hand, he seized the jug, and took a good pull at its contents. He was on the floor almost before he knew it. He had got hold of the wrong jug, and taken his lotion internally; but the blunder frightened away his rheumatism for ever. 'Fright,' says a writer in the *Book of Days*, 'is looked upon as a cure for ague. An old woman told me that she was actually cured in this manner when she was young. She had had ague for a long time, and nothing would cure it. Now, it happened she had a fat pig in the sty, and a fat pig is an important personage in a poor man's establishment. Well aware of the importance of piggy in her eyes, and determined to give her as great a shock as possible, her husband came to her with a very long face, as she was tottering down stairs one day, and told her that the pig was dead. Horror at this fearful news overcame all other feelings; she forgot all about her ague, and hurried to the scene of the catastrophe, where she found, to her great relief, the pig alive and well; but from that day to this (she must be about eighty years old) she has never had a touch of the ague, though she has resided on the same spot.'

When a man discovers, to his dismay, that his

Hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown,

he is sometimes tempted to stave off the evil day, when a general verdict shall set him down as an irreclaimable foggy, by trying some well-puffed nostrum, guaranteed to restore gray hair to its original colour, and force the growth of hair upon the smoothest of pates. A French tobacconist, who had reached this unhappy stage, heard a hairdresser boast he had discovered an infallible restorer, and pointed out as such by Nature herself. The discovery came about in this wise. Taking a walk one Sunday morning in the woods, the hairdresser was astonished by the multitude of mushrooms he beheld whichever way he turned. It flashed upon his brain that he saw before him the real remedy for baldness. Filling his handkerchief with mushrooms, he hastened home, and lost no time in boiling them down, in readiness for the first chance of testing the truth of his theory that might present itself. The bald-headed tobacconist was marked out as his prey; he could not resist the ardent eloquence of the eager artist, and a bargain was soon struck between them. For two months, both parties patiently persevered with the mushroom lotion; then the tobacconist was horrified at finding that his head was not only as hairless as ever, but dotted over with hideous little wens. He was furious; he went to law; but what came of that we cannot tell.

A good pendant to this sad story comes to us from Madras. A native government *employé*, owning to fifty-five, entreated an Englishman to give him a receipt for something that would convert his gray beard and moustache to a more youthful hue. Thinking a refusal would offend him, though he had the best of reasons for denial, the Englishman wrote at random a perfectly original prescription, never dreaming his native friend would follow his instructions. He did, though. Procuring a drachm each of oil of roses, oil of cloves, gum-arabic, lamp-black, and sulphuric acid, he mixed them well together, and before retiring for the night, rubbed the concoction well into his beard and moustache, afterwards drinking a stiff glass of arrack, to expedite the action of the dye. Next morning, he arose betimes, in hopes of beholding himself the proud possessor of a mass of glossy jet-black hair. His amazed horror may be imagined when he looked in the glass and saw no signs of beard or lip ornaments; they had vanished altogether, leaving nothing but a sorely blistered skin to tell they had ever existed. Possibly he might have recovered his lost hair if he had tried the Yankee plan of applying brandy externally until it began to grow, and then taken plenty of the same internally, to clinch the roots.

After ages of experiment and experience, the art of curing is still such an uncertain art, that thousands might say, as the poor invalid said: 'I never took a remedy, but I've had lots of physic.' Dr Whately could have said just the contrary; he did not take lots of physic, but had a remedy nevertheless that stood him in good stead at all times and seasons. A gentleman making an evening call at Redesdale when the snow lay two feet thick upon the ground, was much scandalised at beholding an old man in shirt sleeves hard at work felling a tree, while the sleet drifted pitilessly in his wrinkled face. Upon expressing his surprise that the archbishop should let an old labourer work in such fashion, he was astonished to learn that the poor fellow exciting his wrathful pity was the archbishop himself, getting rid of a headache in his usual way, which was, to throw off his coat, lay hold of an axe, rush out of doors, and belabour some stout old trunk till he found himself perspiring freely; when down went the axe, and off went Dr Whately as hard as he could tear to his bedroom, to wrap himself up in his newest blankets, go to sleep, and arise by-and-by 'as fresh as a four-year-old.' Sydney Smith prepared for all eventualities, by devoting one side of a room to a collection of medicines, on the efficacy of which he plumed himself not a little. 'There's the Gentle-joy, a pleasure to take it; the Bull-dog for more serious cases; Peter's Puke, and Heart's Delight—the comfort of all the old women in the village; Rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation; Dead-stop settles the matter at once, and Up-with-it then needs no explanation. This is the house to be ill in; everybody who comes here is expected to take a little of something. I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness. We have contrivances for everything. If you have a stiff neck or a swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin, filled with hot water, and covered with flannel, to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise, a patent tin shoulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see a

stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and lastly, here is a tin slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet.' Sydney Smith had almost as much faith in hot water as Burke, only he was for its external use; some of his contrivances might certainly be generally adopted with advantage. Scott's Ashestiel blacksmith, who, upon the strength of a little veterinary skill, set up as a doctor of humankind in a small English town, was a man of few remedies. As he told Sir Walter, his practice was very sure, and perfectly orthodox, for he depended entirely upon 'two simples.' 'And what may they be?' asked Scott, with some curiosity. 'I'll tell your honour,' said Lundie; 'my two simples are just laudamy and calamy!'—'Simples with a vengeance!' exclaimed the poet. 'But do you never happen to kill some of your patients, John?'—'Kill? Ou ay, may be sae! Whiles they die, and whiles no—but it's the will o' Providence. Ony-ho, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!' That last touch went straight to Scott's heart, we may be sure. Johnny Lundie was not quite so frank with the unlucky victims of his orthodox practice; frankness with them would have been unprofessional. It would perhaps be a change for the better if European doctors could imitate the plain-speaking Chinaman, Li Po Sai, who, when called in by a Californian gentleman, after the usual examination, said: 'I think you too much dance, too much eat, too much goot round. If you dance, you no get better; too much eating, no good; too much gooting round, no good.—Good-bye!' Dared our medical advisers be as honest as their Chinese brother, drugs would be at a discount indeed; but then, it is just possible the Registrar-general might be able to shew a cleaner bill of health.

OUR FEATHER FARM.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

EVENTS which it takes many words to describe, even inadequately, sometimes occupy but a very few seconds or minutes of actual time; and from the period of my hurrying up in response to young Charlie's scream for help, to that of Juan the Guacho's arrival on the scene of action, probably but a few moments had passed. But, to judge by my feelings, they might have been ages. I had rushed to the rescue just in time to save the tender limbs of Don Miguel's heir from the greedy jaws of the monster, and had made as good a fight as I could, nearly paying with my own life for the young life I had saved, when this new champion rode in hot haste to encounter the common foe. Reeling, breathless, and dizzy of brain, I understood the Guacho's meaning sufficiently to stand back, letting go my hold of the tough whip-handle, which, with the tattered poncho wrapped around it, I had hitherto obstinately kept between the alligator's churning jaws. The infuriated brute followed me up with bitter hate, his hateful snout all but brushing my knee as I staggered back. But just at that instant, whirr! crack! came the well-known sound of the heavy lasso whistling past,

launched with unerring aim, and as I gazed about me with haggard eyes, I saw that the noose was tightening round the reptile's neck; while Juan, with the end of the stout cord fastened to his saddle, had started off at a canter, towing along the alligator after him, as he had tugged along many a bull and many a wild steed.

For an instant it seemed as if the Guacho's would be an easy triumph; but it was only the surprise of the shock that had mastered the alligator, a very large one, and the great weight and strength of which soon began to tell. I saw the horse brought, with a jerk, to a stop, and then, to my dismay, beheld steed and rider dragged by sheer force towards the lagoon, vainly striving to resist the superior power of the gigantic tyrant of the waters. Juan drove in his spurs, urging his panting and terrified horse by voice, hand, and knee, to put out its whole strength; but it soon seemed plain that unless the saddle-girths gave way, dragged down into the pool he would be, horse and man, while there could be in such a case little doubt of the issue of the conflict. To cut the cord, would have been the only mode of separating the combatants in this unequal duel; but I had let fall my broken knife in the long Pampas grass, and a Guacho clings to his lasso with the same mechanical impulse that causes a seaman to hold fast to shroud or stay. 'Let go the rope!' I called out to him as loudly as I could. 'Loose the end from the saddle-ring, and let the brute go!' But Juan paid no heed to my advice, but spurred his struggling horse, uttering at the full pitch of his voice the 'tiger-call' of the herdsmen.

The child had crept close to me, and was holding on to my coat, weeping and calling on his absent father, and his presence embarrassed me; for, wearied and disarmed as I was, I felt eager to come to the aid of the bold lad who had saved me from the very jaws of death; but just at the moment that the mulatto girl, Charlie's nurse, came running down the hill with sobs and outcries in search of the truant charge who had strayed off while she was threading scarlet berries for a necklace, four of our mounted men came thundering down with cheery shouts and lassoes whirled aloft; and in a very short time the alligator, strong and savage as he was, noosed and entangled by the pliant cords, stabbed with knives, and beaten down by bolás, lay dead and harmless.

Before we left the spot, a number of other persons, alarmed by the 'tiger-call'—never before heard so near the hacienda itself—came up, and among the last of these was Don Miguel, already instructed by a mounted messenger as to what had occurred. He arrived, pale with emotion, sprang from his horse, and clasped his little son in his arms, eyeing the child all over with jealous anxiety, as if to be assured that he was really unscathed; then, coming up to me, he grasped both my hands, and before I could prevent him, kissed them as fervently as ever devotee pressed his lips to the relics of a saint.

'I kiss these hands,' he said aloud, 'that have saved my darling to me! Englishman, I would say, ask and have, even to the half of the fortune that it has taken me thirty years to win; but I know too well that it would be an idle compliment, for

you would accept no reward from me but the thanks that I pay you from my heart. Let the opportunity come, and I will not be forgetful. Men—mozos—here is a man, a true caballero! Stand to him in his need, I charge you, as you would merit Paradise and your master's good word and good deed!

'Viva Don Morrizio! Bravo el Ingles!' responded the Guachos very heartily, all coming forward to shake hands with me and pat me on the back, extolling meanwhile my conduct to the skies, and swearing loudly to cut the throat of man or beast that should dare to displease me. Then, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, they all fell to kicking and cursing the dead cayman, which was dragged along at a horse's heels, like the body of Hector at the chariot-wheels of Achilles.

I daresay I took these somewhat exaggerated demonstrations of praise and gratitude with an Englishman's customary awkwardness when thanked, and I know that I vigorously put forward Juan's claims to an equal share in the wholesale laudation that was going on; but nobody, not even the young centaur himself, could be brought to see the matter in this light.

'Pooh! pooh! I was on horseback,' answered the Guacho very artlessly, as I described his bravery in glowing language; and indeed a herdsman of the Pampas, whose true home is the saddle, and his steed his inseparable servant and companion, derives a strange fearlessness from the very fact of being mounted.

The result of this little adventure, then, was, firstly, that Juan, who was loaded with presents by his employer, went strutting about in a gold-laced jacket of blue velvet, with tinkling bell-spurs of silver buckled on a pair of high buff boots that would have graced a theatrical brigand, and with a cloak of fine French scarlet cloth that was the admiration of every dark-eyed damsel in the town of St Jago; and, secondly, that my popularity with the Guachos knew no bounds. These wild men were all very fond and proud of the delicate, golden-haired, half-English boy, their master's heir. I had come between little Charlie and death in its ghastliest shape; and their exultation at the rescue, and their approval of the man who had all but perished to effect it, were enhanced by the fact of my being a foreigner from beyond seas, and a person conversant with the mysterious arts of reading and writing. I became a sort of privileged being among them, and many a time have I been touched by some act of unstudied courtesy or kindness rendered in all simplicity by one of these uncultured moss-troopers, who thought nothing too good for the preserver of his master's heir.

There was a quick-witted, dark-skinned urchin, with a complexion of yellowish bronze, and rolling opal eyes, who acted as my valet and especial body-servant in Don Miguel's large and somewhat irregular household, and this mulatto boy, who had been at Buenos Ayres with a French merchant, was vain of the punctiliousness with which he brushed my coat and fetched me my chocolate. One evening, not long after the alligator episode, young Toni (I believe his name to have been Antonio, but neither he nor his fellow-domestics would acknowledge the superfluous syllables) came to request leave of absence.

'To be sure, my lad,' I answered, as I sat drowsily puffing at the paper cigarettes that Toni's

deft fingers had twisted up, dreaming the while of Alice, of England, and of the scanty probability that I should see either the one or the other again—'to be sure!' I said, for Toni was a zealous and good-humoured attendant, and I was glad to grant him any trifling indulgence. 'What is going on to-night? Is there a tertulia at St Jago, or fireworks? Or has the marionette show with the French puppets arrived at last?'

'No, señor,' answered Toni, half-sheepishly; 'but—but they are going to burn the wizard to-night, and I should like to see it done.'

'To burn the wizard!' repeated I, hesitating, and not quite sure that I had heard aright.

'Si, señor,' answered Toni, in very much the same tone in which an English school-boy would have spoken of his desire to witness the incrimination of the now prohibited and obsolete Guy Fawkes. 'Our men, and Don Alfonso's men, and the smiths, and the saddler, and a lot of the cattle-dealers from St Jago, are going out to make a carbonado of the wicked old man, to-night. You know the wizard, señor, the old rascal in green spectacles, that lives in the solitary hut hard by the highway. We shall see if his master the black fiend comes to help him to-night. Your worship has only to take the trouble to look from the balcony, to see the blaze, by-and-by.'

I looked at the young imp, as he spoke, with a stolidity of expression, which he probably set down to the score of the imperfection of my Spanish. The boy had reminded me that, in some respects, South America is, say three or four centuries behind Europe. Here was about to take place an unauthorised *auto da fé* in my immediate neighbourhood, the deliberate death by fire of a fellow-creature, whose sole crime was probably that he had somehow offended against the superstitious prejudices of the population; but who—be he whom he might—ought to be saved from so barbarous a penalty inflicted by mob-vengeance. I had never before heard of any such person as 'the wizard,' and, for aught I knew, the unfortunate man might be a half-crazed pretender to the black art, like some of those fortune-telling witches who were brought to the stake when Elizabeth was queen; but at anyrate I could not doubt the truth of what the 'lad' told me, or that this monstrous outrage would be perpetrated, if it were not prevented. But how prevent it? Don Miguel was from home, and he had taken with him the regidor or steward, the only person who would have had authority over our own men; while there were no magistrates, no legal authorities, nearer than St Jago.

I bethought me as to what I should do in this emergency, with due regard to the sentiments of the strange people among whom I was domesticated. To express the horror which I felt would be to displease Toni without convincing him, and to cause him to slip off unobserved to the scene of enjoyment, much as an English lad would go fishing on the sly, if his preceptor waxed eloquent on the barbarity of hooking perch and gudgeon.

'Why, Toni,' I said, looking around for my coat and hat, 'I may as well see the fun myself. I have nothing to do; and if you shew me the way, I shall be glad to be there as well as the rest.'

Toni's white teeth flashed out. This was what he understood, what he appreciated, at once as a compliment and a sign of good sense—the *hidalgo*, the gentleman, sharing in the amusements of the

populace. Promptly he helped me to attire myself, and was eager to act as my guide through the shadows of the semi-tropical sundown.

'You see, señor,' babbled the boy, as we trudged briskly on, 'the Mozos were waiting till Don Miguel, our lord, should be out of the way, since he is rather strict, you know; and now we can make a bonfire worthy of the king of Spain's birthday. This old wizard has been hanging about the place these eighteen months, and how he lives nobody knows, except the demons that bring him money and food. He has been heard talking to himself dreadful words, worse than a wolf's snarl. He reads, ay, and writes, such things as even El Cura of the Church of the Eleven Apostles, two miles out of St Jago, would not understand. Look at this—he dropped it one day on the road; I picked it up.'

And the boy, shuddering with no counterfeit terror, put into my hand a pencilled piece of paper, inscribed with square Hebraic characters.

'Is the wizard an old, man with a long gray beard, a velvet skullcap, and a long loose black coat full of pockets—an old fellow with blue spectacles, and white gaiters over his clumsy shoes?' I asked.

'Your worship's right. The old villain is just such a one,' replied Toni.

I did remember to have met in one of my rides with a queer old man answering to this description, who was sitting on the rail of a clumsy wooden bridge that spanned a creek, reading a book. He had not spoken, or responded otherwise than by a stiff inclination of the head to my bow and 'good-morrow,' after the Spanish style; but his appearance was that of a foreigner and an eccentric personage, and I could hardly doubt that this was the man whose incrimination was to afford the amusement of the night. Presently we came in sight of the wizard's hut, a poor wooden dwelling, surrounded by sheds, and situated close to the high-road, where now were gathered together the largest crowd of people that I had ever seen collected in those wild regions. A great pile of wood, thorns, and dried grass had been formed around the house, which, built as it was of inflammable materials, would have burned like touchwood, and still the Guachos were busy in carrying up fresh armfuls of fuel to the heap, laughing the while in unthinking merriment, while others kept up a chorus of execration against the unhappy object of all this turmoil and clamour, a graybearded old man, who stood at a window, vainly trying, in imperfect Spanish, to calm and conciliate the crowd.

'Huzza, lads, here's the brave Englishman, Don Warburton, come to see the fun of to-night!' shouted Toni, vain of his Telemachus. But what was Toni's astonishment when, springing forward, and scrambling up by the aid of the pile of fuel, I stepped into the rude balcony of unbarked logs that was nailed outside the upper window of the hut, and stood at the old man's side.

'Now, Mozos,' I cried, 'if you burn this poor man, you burn me as well. Here I am, and hence I shall not stir till you go home.'

There was an angry thrill and a surly growl among the packed mass of people.

'What have you to do with the wizard, English señor?' called out a voice, that of Sancho, one of our Guachos. 'He is a wretch accused, and

casts the evil-eye on children, and makes a horse lame by looking at him.'

I was meditating my plan of action. What charges the mob could bring against the unfortunate old man, I did not know, but I thought it improbable that any but the vaguest accusations would be alleged. On the other hand, logic is not in much vogue among the Pampas herdsmen; and to talk of merciful considerations to such an audience would be sheer waste of breath. I took time to consider, and then burst into a shout of laughter. Nothing else could have so completely startled the Guachos. They stood silent for the moment, staring stupidly.

'Why, lads, I said, as soon as my fit of feigned hilarity was over, 'a pretty mistake you were making—a pretty mess you were going to get yourselves and us into, with the government of the Republic, with the pope, with—who knows—the saints themselves, very likely! *This* a wizard! *This* a wretch to be burned! Why, men, where are your wits, that you don't know a friar, ay, and a hermit, when you see him?'

There was a great swaying to and fro, and a buzz of voices, in the crowd.

'He's no friar,' said one sturdy fellow; 'if he is, let him shew his rope-girdle and his tonsure.'

'Now, be reasonable, cavalier,' I answered, with a promptitude that surprised myself: 'you are not deaf, and must have heard it said that the frock does not make the monk. Nor does the want of a shaven head prevent a man, from being a friar such as the church of the Atocha could hardly match. I give you my word that this' (exhibiting the page of Hebrew pencilled characters) 'could only have been written by one who knew the history of St Joseph, and St Rose of Lima, and St James of Spain. Had you harmed him, the locusts would have come again, before the spring-grass could feed the cattle.'

There was a sullen murmur of discontent. A mob, like a wild beast, does not like to be balked of its prey. 'Ach! Himmel!' muttered the old man at my elbow, 'what utter savages ignorance and laziness do convert men into!' Then suddenly breaking off his German soliloquy, he boldly asked in bad, but intelligible Spanish what harm he had done, and what grievance any present could allege against him. Some embarrassment seemed to prevail amid the crowd, and then a voice exclaimed: 'The old rogue stopped to pat little Isabel's head as he passed my door; the child sickened next day.'—'He wished me good-luck when I rode out to the chase, and my best horse put his foot into a chinchilla burrow, and left me to limp home with the saddle on my back,' said another witness.—'He looks like the Jew that never dies!' squeaked a boyish voice, which I shrewdly suspected to belong to my mulatto body-servant.—'And he tames and feeds strange beasts, and birds, and snakes, such as no man ever tamed before, nor would an honest one attempt it,' vociferated a fourth accuser.

'Come, come, Spaniards and gentlemen,' said I with argumentative politeness, 'let us act as becomes Old Christians and descendants of the Conquistadores, and not as if we were a pack of barbarous Indians out of the wilderness. That worthy man whose child is ill of a fever, I'll be bound he has had others of his children sicken of it before, long before this elderly personage came into the country.' This appeared undeniable; and so did

the further assertion that many of those present had sustained an ugly tumble among the chinchilla burrows of the Pampas without any necromancer's intervention.

'And as for taming a few beasts and birds,' I resumed, gaining confidence from my partial success, 'don't you remember the Italian menagerie that came to Ciudad Blanco, with leopards that jumped through a hoop, and bears that danced the cachucha? And then, have none of you ever heard of the blessed St Anthony, who was followed by a tame?'

'By a tame pig! So he was! The English cavalier says what is true!' cried a sturdy fellow from among the crowd, in accents of the most entire conviction. 'I know it, and who better, because my own uncle is a pork-butcher at Buenos Ayres, Calle de los Innocentes, and has a fine picture of St Anthony, and his tame pig at his heels, for a signboard over his shop. The Don is right; and I'll give a foot of cold steel to the first knave who dares to deny it!'

The storm was now nearly allayed. The vehemence and evident good faith of my new-found ally—who, as it afterwards turned out, was celebrated for his skill in those knife-duels which are but too frequent among the brawling, gambling rabble of a South American town—had a great effect on the versatile temper of the mob. The boys still set up a yell at intervals, and from some knots of the worst-disposed among the men, I heard some such ominous words as these: 'No more talk! A fagot is better than all this palaver!' and, 'Throw a light into the dried grass! Let the foreigners look to themselves!'

But Juan and Sancho, and all the Guachos and labourers on Don Miguel's estate, mindful of my rescue of their lord's heir—the idolised child that but for me would have perished miserably—came forward in a compact band, and formed a species of body-guard around me, their resolute attitude over-awing the more turbulent spirits. And when, by a happy inspiration, I proposed that all who were there should give me their promise to leave the old German unmolested, while, as compensation for the loss of sport, I should invite the whole good company to an impromptu tertulia, to be given at my expense in St Jago, the offer was very well received.

'No time like the present, lads,' said I. 'Most of you have horses, and it's but a short walk for those on foot. We'll knock up the gipsy fiddlers, have the lamps lighted, order sherbet, and sugar-plums, and wine of Rosario, set a keg of aguardiente abroach, and send up rockets at midnight. I'll be bound that you will find partners among the dark-eyed damsels yonder; and here,' jingling a purse, 'are four gold ounces to pay for all.'

The mob appeased, the tertulia given, and the life saved, I gradually became on very friendly terms with the queer old fellow whom I had protected against his persecutors. Herr Hartmann, as he chose to be called—though whether he had always borne the same patronymic I never knew—was one of those waifs and strays of science that Germany distributes broadcast over the world, according to the changes wrought by war or revolution. He was ugly, shabbily attired, and lame, and some of his habits betrayed the quaint uncouthness of the scholar whose books are his world; but his erudition was immense, and his

practical experience considerable. He had been in Australia and in Egypt, in China and at the Cape of Good Hope, and knew America almost as well as he knew the cities of Europe. That he had been a professor in one of the smaller German universities, seemed certain, and none the less was it a thing assured, that he had lost his chair and its tiny salary of ever so few annual florins or thalers, on account of his political views, which were extremely hazy, but by far too subversive to please the Transparencies and High Mightinesses of a Teutonic court.

'I lectured on natural history,' he would say with a half-melancholy smile; 'but then there was Dr Randler's vacant chair, and the rector found it convenient to keep me "on" in jurisprudence and classical literature as well. Astronomy was my amusement, but Hebrew, Arabic, and mathematics I taught to private pupils for the sake of a living. Then came '48, and I had to get my bread as best I could. There has not been too much butter to eat with it, I can assure you, Herr Englander, although I have been near success sometimes, very near.'

The professor's house, or rather his hut, was a very odd abode. Diogenes could scarcely have evinced a more noble contempt for mere comfort or ostentation, than did this wandering Ulysses of letters. His bed was of the humblest, his wardrobe scanty, and he fared almost as frugally as the ideal hermit that I had represented him to be. But the many books on his shelves were always neatly ranged and heedfully dusted, his philosophical instruments were kept in exact order, every inch of the brass mountings being burnished to a painful brightness; his cases of lizards and dried butterflies were worthy of a museum; and his numerous live pets were well fed, healthy, and unmistakably fond of their eccentric master. To see the snakes, which were indeed, as he assured me, of harmless varieties, coil their lithe folds caressingly about his wrist or neck, and the djerboas and prairie-rats come running at his summons, was curious; while he had many birds of rare kinds in apparently contented captivity. I gathered, however, that this old cynic, whose life had been one of constant poverty and narrow means, had never renounced the idea of winning the wealth for which he had so long sought in vain, and which, during his many years of roving exile, had eluded his grasp.

'I daresay I'm an old blockhead for my pains,' said the professor to me one day when we were sitting together on a rising ground, smoking our pipes, as we watched some Guacho horsemen careering over the sun-gilded plains, in the hope of intercepting a troop of ostriches that moved rapidly along the far horizon. 'But I want to die rich, if only to win the last trick in that game which Fortune and I have been playing ever since I was a poor Bursch at college. I don't wish to spend money—a microscope or two, or a big telescope, would tempt me—but as for dainty dishes or luxury of apparel, I should be content with my bit of bread and my platter of fried beans, ay, and my old coat, were I Cæsar. But I do desire to make a heap of money, and if you, Mein Herr, will be my partner' [pronounced *bartner*], 'and help me, the thing will soon be done.'

'Ay; and on what should our fortune be founded?' asked I, lightly enough.

The old man clutched my wrist between his bony fingers, pointed to the giant birds on the edge of the sky, and hissed out with unfeigned earnestness the words : 'On feathers !'

THE SETTLER.

In a far-distant land, the eve
Had cooled day's sultry glow,
And shadows down the mountain-side
Came creeping soft and slow
O'er pastures white with feeding-flocks,
And sheaf-set valley's brow.

For fields of yellow corn waved high
Where forest trees once stood,
And the woodman's axe was never heard
In the green solitude,
And human footstep never woke
The echoes of the wood.

But wielded now by sturdy hands,
All day the bright axe rung ;
In the midst of that vast wilderness
A happy home had sprung,
And children's gleeful laughter blent
With voices fresh and young.

Beside his door at sundown sat,
In the still evening air,
An aged man ; upon his brow
Were lines of weary care,
And many a fleeting year had thinned
His locks of silvery hair.

'Twas half a century and more
Since he left his native land ;
And now on plains of ripened wheat
As thick as ocean-sand,
And orchards bent with fruit, he looked,
All planted by his hand.

The sunset faded, and the stars
Gleamed in the tinted sky
By slow degrees ; yet still he sat,
That old man silently—
Sat listening to the tale his heart
Told of the days gone by.

Like hoar-frost touched by sunlight, fled
The present from his eyes ;
His mind stirred with the wakening
Of sweet home-memories,
Again a bright-haired boy he stood
Beneath blue English skies.

The mill-weir's rush he heard again,
The broomy dingles saw ;
And the hawthorns on the river-bank,
Just as they grew of yore,
In the spring-time of his boyhood, when
He pulled the branches hoar.

Rose up another vision yet
In that calm even-while—
The picture of an old green lane,
The well-known trysting-stile ;

The shadow of a truthful glance,
A tender, trusting smile.

Twenty springs had brought their flowers,
Twenty summers flown,
Twenty autumns on her grave
Their yellow leaves had strewn,
Since last he kissed that cold white brow,
And went his way alone.

Alone, save for the little ones,
Through whose clear childish eyes
The soul of his lost darling looked,
And bade his crushed heart rise,
For their sakes, from its burdening pain
To steadfast, high emprise.

But now that time of sorrow seemed
As though it had not been,
And the memories of the days before
Sprang fresh and fair and green—
The days when no grief-cloud had dimmed
His life-star's early sheen.

Through the dim twilight's deepened blue
The moon shone clear and still,
Yet steadfastly the aged man
Looked out on wood and hill,
As though he heard the sound of bells,
Or the rippling of a rill.

Distinct and clear, as though it were
A scene of yesterday,
Seemed the cowslip-dotted English fields
In the hamlet far away,
Though he left them when his locks were brown,
And now they glistened gray.

Around the cottage ingle-side
Gloweth the Christmas brand,
Rings the laughter and the shouting of
His brothers' joyous band ;
He feels the old familiar touch
Of his loved mother's hand.

Hark ! the clear cry of the whip-poor-will ;
The sound the old man hears,
And with it breaks the spell that brought
Again those long-lost years ;
And now he sees the calm bright stars
Dimly through gathered tears.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.